blues a magazine of new rhythms

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contents : number 8 : spring : 1930

It May Have Been the Sweet Evening	*Jay Leyda*	3
The River	*Jay Leyda*	4
Evidence	*Gertrude Stein*	5
Poem to F. M.	*Parker Tyler*	8
Poem	*Christopher Lazarr*	11
Eagles Go With the Fine News to Many Places	*Eli Siegel*	12
Taedium Cupiditatis	*Paul Bowles*	13
Four Poems (1926-1927)	*Louis Zukofsky*	14
Colored Blades	*Forrest Anderson*	16
	John Rose Gildea	18
Two Poems	*Lionel Abel*	19
Two Poems	*William Carlos Williams*	20
Are Poems	*Charles Henri Ford*	22
Three Poems	*Joseph Rocco*	23
July 5th 1929	*Sidney Hunt*	25
Two Poems	*Bravig Imbs*	26
Poem	*Kathleen Tankersley Young*	28
Two Retold Stories	*John Herrmann*	30
A Paris Letter for Charles Henri Ford	*Kay Boyle*	32
Book Notices	*P. T., C. H. F.*	34

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friends of blues:

this number of blues is not essentially different from the seven numbers that have preceded it. when charles henri ford came to new york last january i entered into an arrangement with him, which means as far as any poetry magazine is concerned, patronage. eventually we have, with the help of parker tyler, been able to bring out the following examples of new rhythms by our contemporary moderns.

blues may never be self-sustaining. it should as it continues to enlighten the dull deaf literature of today, become more so than it has been in the past. you are urged to subscribe, to buy extra copies and to talk about this one american radical magazine that is significant.

the next issue of blues will, with your encouragement, appear in the fall. manuscripts should be sent to charles henri ford, 12 east 15th street, new york. subscriptions should be mailed to the undersigned at the same address.

lew ney

JAY LEYDA

IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE SWEET EVENING

We found ourselves on a hill with small trees, new ones in very straight rows. She felt the earth around them, and said it was wetter than the other earth. The other earth was damp with something like a mist, but the air was dry. The upper air could not be dry because the leaves in the larger trees, over a little ways, were not rustling, but they were moving, gently concealing with their wonder at the moonlight, all the darkness under and behind them. We stayed in the open and we both watched the moon which was full. We were both watching it, but I looked at her right hand and saw that she was, and I was too, feeling the earth around one of the little trees. I looked at her and there she was with the thin trunk of the tree that was between us covering only a small part of her cheek and mouth that the moon passed over just quietly, there on the hill.

We both got up. She looked at the space behind the larger trees but turned away. She walked down the hill to the south, stopped down there, and walked around the bottom slowly, looking at everything impersonally, touching nothing with her hands, sometimes walking along the slant of the hill so that the hill and she made a sharp angle. Once she took a road or a path over on the east side of the hill and went through the trees and bushes. She was gone a long time. I stood up, there on the hill, and sat down. Even though no wind was blowing, my hair, which was short, felt aired and blown and cool.

I finally lay down in the grass, and watched the stars and the full moon, and the tops of the trees and the grass which was long in some places and lay on my face and hung over my eyes and my looking closely at the grass put the moon out of focus so that the grass glowed with the light softness behind it. I brought the stars back and the grass got lost though it was there touching my face. I didn't sleep. I was nearer death than sleep. But I didn't die, either. I turned on my side and saw other hills. Hills you are on seem round while hills you see from miles are always long. These other hills, and water now and then, and bridges, all this in the moonlight. I suddenly stood up.

In a few minutes or hours she came out of a path, rounded a rock that was there at the corner. The side of the hill that she came out on

was long and sloping and she walked towards me. She walked and I lived again. Flame preceded her. Flame followed her. I stood at the top of the hill and soon the heat touched my blood, and she came to a point about four paces below me, and we walked to each other.

THE RIVER

The blind on the window withered in front of a sun that seemed to realize no enemy that afternoon. It would not be afternoon long. It could not be afternoon long, even though the sun was powerful like a healthy acid. The sun was so strong that you could imagine an explosion if the shade were raised. So the shade stayed down and lit the room with a light that should have been and was not soft. The light went far underneath everything in the room and reached past onto the other side of chairs, was high on the wall, and almost on the ceiling.

His hands rested heavily and calmly on the arms of the chair, both feet on the floor, and his head was looking, not out the window, but straight at the blank wall. The blank wall was flowered with wallpaper, but the surface was blank. Blank to him because his whole body under the surface heaved with loud waves under a storm and you wondered why his outer body did not rock with the inner violence. His face and eyes and mouth were dull and pale in the light reflected from the wall. Sheets of pain poured on his rushing mind. It would be terrific if the pain could come out, but it stayed in and was worse. It might flood and fill the room with noise. The noise men make when they have no great space to pour their minds into, instead, rushing between walls, they dig into themselves unheeding the torments they must rush over, and live this way all their lives. Maybe it was this way with this man. I don't know.

But he just sat there and the light on the wall went higher and higher and the sun went down very slowly. The waves were smaller now and his mind began to work normally again, that is, deliberately. But there was still a shake inside once in a while that put in small pieces that normality, and sent them riding a wave. The muscles in his face relaxed and the light that was going lit the smooth brain again with a soothing radiance. The last sun came through the shade. It reflected on the wall. The wall reflected on the man. The man was calm again and reflected the walls' reflection in his eyes, and there the echoing of the light rang itself out softly.

EVIDENCE

EVIDENCE

They come and go. It is the cruelest thing I ever heard is the favorite phrase of Gilbert. And he is right. He has heard many cruel things and it is the cruelest thing that he has heard.

EVIDENCE

A lady sitting and working at tapestry which although it is of to-day in design and color looks ancient. The bell rings and two friends come in they ask may we tell you about it. I have taken the measures but you can measure it yourself. The one who replies is a friend of the other one who has not been in before. They may call each other friends although the one is tired of his mother.

EVIDENCE

Portrait of Bravig Imbs

May Sage has a page who does her errands. He may have dreamed and now to his mother he says see and she knows where they were by their help. If any one is well they make it do.

How do you do is easily said.

He waited.

An old fashioned short story.

EVIDENCE

Cater will be with them as with him.

A sentence is annoyed when they mention believe it is not for pleasure that I do it. I was just going on and that dog stopped. Part of it is explained.

How are eggs made of butter.

If they eat.

Eggs and butter.

If they eat eggs and butter.

These are good examples of sentences.

EVIDENCE

We think that the last time is the worst.

WHY WILLOWS

A sentence has had they wish. They wish for this and they get it. There is no mistake about that. Once when they went away they were equal to being estranged once when they were very well. It is best to be always prepared for the weather to have fur coats in winter and light clothes in summer.

Once when they were very agreeable they were settled in the place which they had hoped to have. It is more than occasional with absolute and about. It is not what they think that they feel without it being made easier. They are like which they need for their business. They must be softer than their thoughts. With them they please them. They will be well enough known to be stared at when they should know everything themselves.

This is the meeting. They will have plates with them when they go where they will have best and most now or there.

To come to the subject that they had better have fur coats in winter and lighter clothes in summer.

It is useless to be hurt by their disappointment not in a dream but in their thoughts.

They will color or allow might and pleases.

It is very good to have welcomes when they are here. He could be the son and the better have changed when they were daunted. It is close to them.

Think of a subject. How are every half hour known not as halves not even as half of an hour but thirty minutes. It is signed they went away.

Every thirty minutes we need a lead. They and all of it is an invidious distinction. Silence and settlement have help for them.

It is when he is breathless that he asks who can compare me to a Russian. They will not have half an hour to themselves.

All are lonely when they print are there clothes. They must have it in case of their dispersal.

Canning to be canning can be in two senses. They can think and

they can be a fairly loaned to them. You must never start one to b different.

That is an error in regular arrangement and they changed soap

Now then wandering is a thing.

They will educate one with another as of one.

Fortunately it is better to smell china lilies than ivy because iv can be in miniature.

Once when they were nearly ready they had ordered it to clos

POEM TO F. M.

I

to dream a part a part to dream
is
to awake wake wishing for the whole
a dream a whole a waking mystery
of sleep's dream an intangible . . .

yet
as the arc of waking sleep shows
dawn traduced
the dream intrudes
its images and colors dream intrudes
its images and colors on the yearning mind
that stretched and moaned
all night
now
on the clear lines
of the dawn sees fade the dream's
apotheosis fade
the dream's unclear apotheosis
in the waking and the noise
:the arcs
toward shoes and socks
and further still the washbowl gaunt
and hard and morbid
toward
these which from dream's arcs slide
inevitably

II

to the new sun to
the new sun will
be shown the stanch skin of
the moment which at

one o'clock
at two o'clock
will justify a name
a business
an organism
neither glad nor sorry—but
for dream's sake
when the washbowl left (the
cloth spread out) there is
a noticeable tread toward the
improbable in stone a noticeable
tread more noticeable
waking
dream to salve the footsteps grown
more violent than heartbeats
beating of the stone
at
three o'clock at four

III

and o
the stone immortal
the
immortal stone: the fibre not:
the form
is ready to pour
into any dream reality but not
this dream
for not this form of
the immortal stone flows through
these streets now too familiar
for anything but this
one
dream
one dream that never
comes back with its easy
feet

IV

that stone should dictate
these bright sure irrelevancies
to which sky is an accomplice and
I add: the myriad
of waters and the meadows
is the weight to shut my eyelids
to accept dream's substitute
for anything the last
hour left me with:
o
only this has
surely has
could
only this direct my dreamsnared feet
toward quavering apprehension of
the stone the day
has left me with
is all a
all a
like a cir-
cle
and the stone which flesh is can
evade the washbowl and the after stroll

V

is all to slip beneath
the coverlet
to act much as a
dream would act
and acting
not betray the dream the dream
hung surely on the lashes' lash
inviolable as a stone: hung
where no window in the morning
looks upon a finished building
and the welcome feet to frustrate sun:
no

as though in that other land
there were
no rising or no joy
at all but what the dream sees
faintly faintly
in the morning eyes
as just before

CHRISTOPHER LAZARR

POEM

She
Soft is the crunching of sand
Into
White are the rims of the waves
Ended
Weak is a seashell's echo

EAGLES GO WITH THE FINE NEWS TO MANY PLACES

Curiously the wilderness
Had thousands of little beings going about in its wide, dark, cool ground, underneath the tall, uncaring trees.
It was a mad, quiet green which covered the multitudes of feeling, running smallnesses, bent on using earth and all joyously.
What way for joy has a black thing, many, many in an inch of wide, wilderness ground.
Here, in great coolness, insects speed and tumble, scream and are amazed and rightly disregard the sun, which yet is around.
They have fear, they tire, they go slower than before, they rumple sections of unforbidding ferns; they are cruel to certain matters coming their way; they have certain impressions as to the use and pleasure-giving powers of light present here below in the wilderness.
(Wilderness light is around and light lets wilderness do as it will, which makes what some very small beings have: this, wilderness light.)
Light comes from some pretty far place, and gets through, O making-its-way light, the spaces between the branches of very tall trees, and comes to the cool thresholds of forests, the deeps and beginnings of wildernesses, and there is everything and all that to tugging, circling, line-making, satisfaction bent, noisy, exulting, shrieking societies using wilderness's green inches.
Here we have victories and longings, small unutterable despairs and adequate joys.
Among the green, low lace of the wilderness an unfolding of destinies and an obedience to various divine wills, semi-divine, uncaring divine wills and some all excited and trembling.
Divine wills tremble at some sights in the low depths of wildernesses.
Divine will turned tiny and green, tiny and red and set about scurrying unnoticed in wilderness's strange points.
Divine will got ardent and began playing life's eating and seeing game in miniature, complete fashion.

Up barks of trees impelled, live objects go and are proud to be somewhat high on trees, so they celebrate.
Celebrations are common on the wide, peopled, filled, very diverse floor of wilderness.
Fern is happy; weeds rejoice and eagles go with the fine news to many places.
And so we come to birds.

PAUL BOWLES

TAEDIUM CUPIDITATIS

the flutes of the desert are waiting
the afternoon heaves a new chill sigh
slowly of slowly a cloud unrolls
its edges blur the rim of mountains a day away

slowly of slowly the wind opens
why is the dust of this desert so fine?
a day away the sand i touch today will be a day away tomorrow
now that the wind's begun
bring in the rugs and fasten the flaps
smile at me once more before i forget you
sit in my company on the rug and smile
now that the wind's begun
there will be no escape from you for many hours
smile
    again

slowly of slowly the flutes of the lost desert afternoon
tremble and crumble into an evening a day away

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY

FOUR POEMS (1926-1927)

I

My watch!
Star-darkness wash over you—
Immediately you cannot enter them!

Unite your ticks with a siren's sound, a wash of wave,
A siren's sound set howling over waves!

But immediately to these star-darkened skies
You cannot go as wave to wave,
Tho' your hands cross eyes!

II

A dying away as of trees
    where a hill-street pavement
    is broken into rocks:
A car sounds
            climbs
    Empty, late Saturday.
At the bottom of the grade,
    stopped short in one's rounds
    this tree-dying night of hurrying towards Sunday,
    uptorn by an empty trolley's rumble
            on usual pursuits,

    one retreats to meet
    street after empty street,
    hills paved, rising to be climbed,
    and what for houses but for windows?
    sure forecast of ongrowing moonlight?

III

And human heart-beats; star-falling; engine-beats—
Iron behind iron; wall upon wall
Of night—and ranged—; where unhuman night is all.
Exposed to it one nears not nor retreats

From it; night alone, unified, completes
Nothing within one who being but small
Object to it is one always without. Star-falls
Thrills! how swift it is! but what force depletes

Its soundings, as it distances, dulls beat
Of thrill and beat of heart, so tho near, known,
The night almost as proffered bread to eat—
Stranger—the one can gaze but, feast alone,
And filled thus grow more empty, grow more numb,
Human heart-beats slowed, and never touched a crumb.

IV (I WAIT FOR THE TRAIN)

So I let myself, thrown single, waiting, body sleepless, pace now to
singing,
Invisible night rolls, and my eyes roll boreal aloneness!
Whiteness sings like silver balanced satellite aloft high-swinging
To the Night, the Night, the Night Now Primary.

And it follows that my body's singing walking
Unparalleled swinging times the night's aloneness.
And such modes of night as trees dark-planted,
Trunks, and no sorrow above sleepers' human houses.

FORREST ANDERSON

COLORED BLADES

i thought a surf to beat about your neck
as ends and begins desire
for some last before we sleep
you dive displacing me if
shall outweigh what had has
all vague treason, it unmoors
flowers like blades, it
dilates his utmost point
so, vast moods penetrate
hordes from any remote
that gulp down bitterly
whole violet tides because
whom depth follows . . . . . .
radiant wound, on which hangs
and which can frame a
sinister o slender because
nothing but love . . . . . .
retires me to bifurcate
in agile banquet or bloat,
ferment, and blister and
ever revolve experience
just, dear cavern, but give
him green forgiveness
ask him only sleep within
these arms never to sink

via maris
the look-out is tired from water too much traversed
and i must now despair instead of dream
the waves make rhythms die on shores that can't exist—
my past, why do you sleep through present storms?
his least driftwood could tell it to my heart:
our figureheads shall mix their blue and bone

no sooner than the poles with zones can part
because we put our lives into a book.
nothing, not my backward squadrons of desire,
nor the seasons he has raised shall serve
in sailor flesh to sever languor from
its surge. let me requite! this vertigo
captures the thoughts we interpenetrate.
reason, flood with crosstides my thin canoe,
go drown your mind, but please quickly do forget
he spoke to me on all things, except one

one moment two

this fog that simplifies our view
eases also a vague desire
for changes but cultivates
a flinging away of who on whom,
archaic urge to reexert

flagrant mood pervades enclosure
where yes is and waits as
some huger beast constructed
from relics undeserved
damns me while it so assures

nausea dashes at the ruined self
integers which risk, lips that disrupt;
beyond all time is rule enough
disposing searchers after me who ride
out harmony on his colored breath

JOHN ROSE GILDEA

POEM

Sometimes he heard the heavy drums. Muffled and beating
Sometimes he heard them. Heard the heavy roll
Sometimes, of frightening drums. Sometimes the retreating
Drums. Oh he heard the drums of terror sometimes. In his soul
Feverish drum taps sounded, sometimes. Sometimes, too,
He heard the maddened drums. And sometimes he
Heard lonely calling drums. And death's tattoo
He sometimes heard drum-beaten.
Sometimes she,
Alethea, heard the dancing drums. With him
Alethea sometimes heard the urging drums. The dancing
Drums, he and Alethea heard.
Oh, take this rim
Of maddened world and cover it with skin. Let mad sticks glancing
Across this skin strike terrifying drums. Let the low, scarce-heard
and dim
Death drums wrap close Alethea to him.

LIONEL ABEL

TWO POEMS

I

May a storm reckon with a third of my sleep
in answer to the sky's burnt questioning
of something like myself. But I the bird
hover with lightning as a sky's bequest
to skies deceased. Lightning too
questions the purpose of being calm.
I know no censure, only recompense.
Who trails the stairway to another home
in the storm's reckoning? A bird I cannot be secure
in sleep budding into storm with widened eyes.
What of the unfulfilled purpose of dawn
asking forgiveness for giving
and myself taking only what I have made?

II

For Joseph Rocco

So comely the beginning a road so perplexed
turning to starve onward speak of knives
and satiety halfway to understanding
                why
has the dark sobbed on your shoulder turning
in the road's quest
            under the mango trees
the jewish lads are getting Ph. D.'s
                the mangoes lie
I shall fall suddenly and from the sky.

TWO POEMS

THE ATTIC WHICH IS DESIRE

the unused tent
of

bare beams
beyond which

directly wait
the night

and day—
where storms

sobbing and
whispering

confess—
Here from the
street by

* * *
S
* *
O
* *
D
* *
A
* *

ringed with
running lights

the darkened
pane

exactly
down the center
is
transfixed

THE MOON—

diving
through bedrooms
makes the car
ride upon the page
by virtue of
the law of sentences
Bulleting
through roofs
behind reedy trees
it is the night
waking to
smells of lechery

ARE POEMS

JUNCTURE

Things have to do with each other, nothing inviolable
caught between the flexuous mind, the impermanent heart
but has a closeness with dry mirth, not not but painlessly.

Much should be foresworn; forgiven even sooner than committed;
(oh the blood might be lost like water sliding from a roof—
and the back of the victim drooping settle into an argent stillness).

This is the day when color will be drawn from faces;
hours changeable, uncaught will move evenly toward nightfall.
Let us then measure the dimensions of a cry: clear, solid and unalterable.

ARE POEM

esp. if red
can set rocking anyway
on a thumbjoint anybody's head:

though,

one taking in and out a big breath postponing sickness,
some nerves in whenever unlight makes sunlight
shall be not very strung:

morning (with night
early on the side of it)
and sleep, being what a small death, are.

JOSEPH ROCCO

THREE POEMS

SONG OF A FALLING THING

Rightly the light clear the sun sheer light
of all bright going
never to the tight hold the sharp bold grasp will come
drum of air thump the way set ever since the way
began when ran ever the day clear the night bright
light of being where the thing is seen or ever go
never know in emptiness will fill

until the ever known there has grown pile on pile
higher till the thing seen grown into the low unrest
of steady days that stay instead of many ways
the happy lost that loose again the stop and stoop stumbling
of the chain

when light on light brightly burns
night to night bravely turns, "turn too," my song said
the dead have touched and learned.

II

I know I
God knows why
Stand in the sun

I know why
God knows I
Have done

I know I
God knows why
Begun

III

Your
    clock stopped ominously on the hour
                                hate
Weaves
    no foot charm to bid to come to call
My
    once there was a garden
                        folly, rate
Me no lower than the lowest wall;

Deeper the root delves now that I must give
One green stalk light, must seek a deeper dark;
Sunlight on a tombstone while you live;
To move is not to measure but to mark.

All things that bend will bind you, Megalith,
The winds are few, they perish far apart,
The wind that takes what it must give away;

Dropping of its own weight is not a gift,
The head drops through the hollow of the heart,
And sand is still unfit for water's way.

JULY 5TH 1929

a man told me today he slept in segovia
and killed 3 bugs on his pillow hell i care
though to sleep with bugs is no pleasure
his wife turned over and saw another
so another misunderstanding occurred because

we gave our order originally through the agent Sells
with whom to hell tell me mother another
story of pretty boys sleeping on bugless beds
with drooping singing hipscurled in
one thing and the other
a thing of beauty is a bore for ever

and a day is born again
the sun is risen
the day is ended down where the sun goes
down and out
they come the little buggers they creep into sleep
and dreams droop over
my hips sing a soft pink song
insidious
oundless

BRAVIG IMBS

TWO POEMS

HOOD

I

my closing eyelids hood the stars
the moon a tree an orient sun
the mountains lower at their fall
the rivers cease to flow
the seven deserts and the seven seas
are fringed with fluttering light
a flame that swiftly sinks
below the dark horizon of your lips

II

upon a precipice we stood
over an ether stream
abysses below reechoed the sound
of ether caressing ethereal stone
I felt your lips turn shadow on my own

III

a cold wind rose with the sun

Paris—1926

POEM

I

the meadows deepen like a silent sea
drowning my shadow in the grass
I feel the darkness seeping in my eyes
and dew falls heavily on my hands

the beech and pine submerge to night
and darkness muffles the maundering fox

oh I would cry out for a leaf or a wing
save that I stand in echo to the sky

New York—1928

POEM

O the purity of blue.
We were swimming in the lakes, Mother
When the sun was eaten by the big bear mountains
Leaving only the blue air.
But why should I give up now,
There's Paris waiting in the Spring, Mother,
We'll go to Paris
And think about hyacinth buds, or the mountains.
Without the between what would we be?
We read long into the night
By blue lights. O the purity of blue.
Le temps est venu,
But nothing else is ready,
Only the hyacinths and their buds:
We'll strike the stalk here, and the bulb.
Remember our love no matter what happens,
Water on colored reefs, bathers in the wind, anything.
This we must keep,
And the thought of how it rained in November
And the streets stood muffled with the sound
Until the last voice was drowned.
No matter anything
But that we were.
But that was not what happened,
Instead the days began to fall
Like leaves from an autumn tree,
And soon we were bereft.
Still I have sat here and
Of course I have remembered too much,
Having so little to do,
Everyone knows that is the trouble.
The clatter of the horse's hoof came up to my window at Christmas,
From a foreign street,
I heard the children screaming,
And turning a little I saw their fireworks

Spatter blood on the sky.
Le temps est venu,
And a thousand machines plowed through my mind
Without recovering you.
The mornings began at six
With crisp cool sheets, and red cut roses,
It wasn't so windy at morning,
But the wind came out of noon
And rocked the palm trees:
Rain came in the afternoon at three,
And then the wind again.
The old man died who cried in his sleep:
Better off,
And the wheels whirred him beyond the hall.
Not dreaming we left the market.
I'll never be so happy again.
That's the island where they keep the lepers.
The market stall of herbs was so sweet.
What did the rotting lepers think?
Mood is no continuity.
We went down the street
And the trees swallowed us,
We came out later on the foredeck, laughing.
We were tired.
That was the beginning.
Islands there are so blue, Mother,
It is the coral that holds the changing colors,
Not the color of mountain lakes, Mother.
We were not allowed to swim.
We have known the wind to change.
The Spring is a bitter different thing.

JOHN HERRMANN

A RETOLD STORY

BEING A DICTOPHONIC STUDY IN LANGUAGE: 1926

The Woman With the Babies, Who Went Insane:

In my practise I have lots of things happen that would certainly make good stories. If I could write them people wouldn't believe me but there are some of the strangest things happen really to people that I often thought they would be good written out in stories. They're true, now for instance that case about the woman with the babies that went insane and we decided to leave her insane after we had a consultation of doctors and talked it over. I don't know whether I better tell that story, it's kind of awful and my wife doesn't especially like to hear me telling it, but I guess she can stand hearing me tell it again. Anyway I've gots lots of others. But I'll tell that one first.

I was called out to the hospital to see this woman I was telling you about and when I got there she was as insane as a loon and playing around with dolls in her arms just as tenderly as if they were real babies and she had a look of real happiness on her face that made you see right away that this was a case of a person insane and perfectly happy. Now we could have brought her back to sanity. Easy. There would have been nothing to it with mental suggestion and a slow steady care and treatment. It couldn't have failed. Even Doctor Lilly agreed on that and what he knows about psychology is a joke really. How he has got along with his bluff all this time is more than I can see. But they called in some really good men and I was there and I could see how the matter stood.

We decided to leave her insane. And now get this, we could have cured her but we decided not to. The story about her is like this.

Now it was this way that she got insane. She was up in the bathroom in her house and she had her little baby, one year old, in her arms just holding him over the tub that was full of water for the bath. Her little girl, four, was standing naked by a little gas stove waiting for her turn to take a bath and a little boy, two, was standing there naked too waiting also like the girl to have his bath. The

woman always gave them all their baths on the same day like that.

Well now comes the real part of the story and it is kind of hard to believe. The little girl, four, picked up some shears and cut off the little boy's organ, you know. And then seeing the blood rush out in an awful stream the way it would she got scared and the mother got scared and the mother rushed to the little boy and dropped the baby right in the bathtub where it drowned and the little girl ran out of the room. She saw the terrible thing she had done and was frightened as she would be and she ran fast down the stairs and tripped her foot on the stairs running that way and fell and her neck broke and the little boy died from bleeding to death and the mother went insane the way she was and went to the asylum and plays with the dolls there and is perfectly happy and we could bring her back easy. But we decided it was better, you know, not to.

A PARIS LETTER FOR CHARLES HENRI FORD

When Americans come back from Berlin, they say they have left a great deal behind. Something that runs loose on the streets there, as it does in New York, and that has perished in Paris, perished, perished, if it ever existed. But how can you speak of life and death when in your own heart the terms are interchangeable? How can you say health and disease (health in a bull-fighter, in a man of few words, a man of winter-sports and blunt speech, a normal, full-blooded, healthy man), when oh, Hemingway, the desert of thy soul has no oasis, no blade, no spring, no shadow of a bird?

Hemingway has left Paris, and so has Harry Crosby. But the former should have put before him the work of someone who has retained life and health and glamor and glory for his generation. This does not mean that the diary Harry Crosby left will ever be the popular thing, although it has preserved qualities that romance would go black without, and has justified Hemingway's blasted age. Harry Crosby's diary lacks the whimper, the wail, the false bravado of shrugging manly shoulders and giving up. Because Harry Crosby took each day as a new challenge, his work is a testament where Hemingway's is a blasphemy. He wrote about the life he led with a strong natural gaity, a health that was both in his flesh and his mind, a consideration for love, and a belief, that no men of the church surpass, in what would come when he died. He took every minute to task, which means that he preserved a rigid tradition that the tired young men and women never knew anything about, an upright, a stern and relentless Boston tradition upheld to the very end.

Possibly a work proving that Mme. Roland was a Lesbian would shake the poise of France. 'I would hate,' she once said, 'to be an abortive man.' Kiki is too honest to make any such observation, but it marks an epoch when she too writes her memoirs. The Paul Fort and his hat, the Gertrude Stein a la Daniel Boone part of Paris that is finished, disillusioned, done. The Sur-realistes and their demonstrations are part of what has already happened. Last week, because a new dancing-place was named 'Maldoror,' a group of young men chose an evening when fancy-dress and invitations were *de rigeur*, and in the name of the Comte de Lautremont, they stormed the tin facade, the oil-cloth door, and penetrated to the chicken-wire interior. Eye-witnesses say that a gentleman in silk pajamas was a neater fighter than André Breton, and that the ladies in pretty confusion rushed and flurried to the rear. The barmen fought for peace and quiet, the others for literature and honour. There was much blood shed, while

Paul Eluard escaped to the sidewalk, for one Sur-realiste must remain intact to protest at Cocteau's *répetition générale.* Quite alone, Eluard protested at Cocteau's *répetition générale,* demanding that such obscenities be cried down, and he was with great dispatch jostled out of his hat and through the door.

'Tis no more than logical that a little book-merchant like Mr. Titus should buy up somebody else's magazine when it was going cheap, but that a sensitive man and poet should give his energies and the best hours and years of his life to printing other people is another matter. I am speaking of Mr. Jolas, who is an enchanted man. In spite of the clear second-sight he has into loneliness and despair, somehow he has retained a high belief in artists of his time. There has never been enough honour, as far as the American or English press is concerned, done the man who wrote 'I have seen pollen on the wind, willows turned russet, my friends gone with the smoke of the potato-fields.' The French press, and the German, write wisely and sensibly of 'transition,' while the Americans, except in a few instances, reserve for it that vocabulary which was once used exclusively for reviews of Miss Stein, presently for Mr. Joyce, and more latterly for Theo Rutra.

Americans are the best travellers, for they become Christ on His cross when they travel far and see where Christ lived and died, or become entirely Carmen swinging her behind, or in Belgium every ravished nun, or every raping Teuton. The past is as lively as if illuminated by one's own personal passions. I know an American poet who blushes for his wife because she is not his grandmother, this venerable lady having skipped in cameo and bustle from continent to continent with a rose between her Spanish teeth, changing her lovers with her frocks and gallantly concealing her birth-pangs beneath her Spanish shawl. But Americans in Europe now say that den Linden are peculiarly fresh and that the chestnuts in the Bois have blossomed a bit too often and too well. The tradition has changed. THE TRADITION HAS CHANGED. No longer:

"Ah ! non, pas de saucisees de Francfort . . . apres ce que les Allemands nous ont fait!"

But:

"Ah ! non, je ne mange plus de caviar depuis cue les bolchevistes ont enleve le general Koutepoff!"

Kay Boyle.

BOOK NOTICES

TALES TOLD OF SHEM AND SHAUN, by JAMES JOYCE. Preface by C. K. OGDEN. (*The Black Sun Press.*)
We know that Mr. Joyce's *Work in Progress* is very important, but, due to its peculiar nature, we cannot, regardless of our closeness to it, estimate its size with the assurance with which we can estimate, say, Dante . . . The "timelessness" and "spacelessness" of the *Work* have been mentioned. We do not see why such a claim should be put in this way, because it seems to us that any work of art having right to the name may be called both timeless and spaceless. A work of art, insofar as it is pure creation and not merely representation, exists independently of external relations. If its internal relations do not disturb our sense of proportion, there can be no fault to find with it as art. Time can be imposed on it only if its deficiency be discovered, but adequacy itself is "timeless" because there has been discovered no final adequacy to life or its component parts which would dispose automatically of the future.

What Mr. Joyce has done is to add to our moment-to-moment difficulties while we are in the process of mastering his work. In fact, both its time and space have been added to, for if we concede that, while the artistic conventions of time and space have been ignored in it, the dimensions of reality have been considerably enlarged, we are aware of a concentrated experience of time and space with, consequently, an intimation of the flexible artistic character of these entities.

Mr. C. K. Ogden's preface—an admirable piece of work—is of the peremptorily authoritative order which should be valuable in certain quarters.

THE FIERY DIVE, by MARTIN ARMSTRONG. (*Harcourt, Brace and Co.*)
These stories could not have been written far from Fleet Street. Their English is of the snug, smug and absolutely effortless variety which sits on the writer's skull like a derby; naturally, their human nature, which is the point emphasized, could not be much more depressing. An unconscious vulgarity annihilates the book.

SECESSION IN ASTROPOLIS, by EUGENE JOLAS. (*The Black Sun Press.*)
Mr. Jolas presents to the unprepared reader's gaze one of the most startling literary graphs of the time. He has dispensed with the traditional formula in its entirety, and one sees growing in its place a brightly-real and brightly-intimative literature. The most interesting pieces in this volume, to our mind, are the *Two Scenari* and *Fauna and Flona.*

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT, by ROBERT GRAVES. (*Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith.*) Mr. Graves' book must fall into the usual category of book impelled by the war—that of the limited spiritual record of an individual during war years. The shock of the war, as so many have not neglected to tell us in his or her own way, made people doubt the future of humanity. As a reverberation, many were constrained to tell facts which were suppressed by official bureaus. Aside from being a professional fashion, war books gave (always somehow bewildered) man an obvious opportunity to protest his godhead by contradicting lies that provided the illusion of satanic interference . . . Mr. Graves, of course, is a poet, but why should poets tax us in this way?

FOOTLIGHTS ACROSS AMERICA, by KENNETH MACGOWAN. (*Harcourt, Brace and Co.*) We don't know just what attitude to take concerning Mr. Macgowan's singing strength in praise of the very bouncing little-theatre movement which has overspread America. Mr. Macgowan proclaims that "Barrie and Barry, Milne and Molnar, Shaw and Shakespeare" are being acted in "hundreds of little theatres," which draw a great part of their acting talent from the high schools and colleges.

Even "Barrie and Barry" are better than botany and biology, but, aside from the value of alliteration, we think that the little-theatre movement would have a lot more to recommend it if it showed a consciousness of literary taste rather than a primary desire to wear make-up and masquerade.

THREE STRANGE LOVERS, by V. F. Calverton. (*The Macaulay Co.*) We fear that in this book of fiction, which, we understand from certain authorities, is very good indeed, Mr. Calverton has revealed his inevitable limitation as a man of sense. The book may carry a particular pleasure, but we find that its imaginative resistance to a mechanical concept of fiction is so frail, that it appears less and less a spiritual entirety and more and more a literary obligation, as we read.

PORNOGRAPHY AND OBSCENITY, by D. H. Lawrence. (*Alfred A. Knopf.*) The conclusion of this book is that no body of men is free from some sort of pornographical taint—not the artist, not the bohemian, not the common man—not one you can think of. Mr. Lawrence would like to discourage the writing of love lyrics such as *Who is Sylvia?*, and promote the writing of those such as *Love is Like a Red, Red Rose.* Mr. Lawrence's transformation from the role of artist to that of sex-propagandist has always been accomplished with almost imperceptible speed. Now in the out-and-out role of the latter, he still does not leave art alone. We consider Mr. Lawrence a remarkable writer; needless to say—an original one. But a haziness of mental habit does not excuse his thinking in this book any more than it does in his creative works. He is right in a great many ways in the present case; but sex is never the end served by art, and to assume at any time that it is, even for the sake of health, is to commit an emotional vulgarity.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEWS

Pagany, Winter 1930 (Boston.)—This quarterly starts out to be inclusive but serious. If a certain slackness in critical judgment is observed, the material on the whole is very much worth looking into. Mary Butts' story makes the first number conspicuously good.

The Miscellany (New York).—Two numbers of this bi-monthly have appeared, the latter designated as Volume I, Number I. If this fact indicates a desire to forget the original number, the second is superior enough to the first to justify a new beginning. The emphasis is critical, with what might be called a slightly portentous air to fairly foregone judgments.

The Hound and Horn (Cambridge, Mass.)—This magazine continues to exemplify a distinguished critical point of view, but does not fail to trim its sails against diversion. The book reviews are always thoroughly readable, and in the Winter Number the ever-delightful Picasso and Harry Crosby's photographs spice a rather ruthlessly dietetic creative menu.

Tambour (Paris).—Six numbers of this modern French-English review have appeared, and all exhibit a curious unevenness of merit. While the sympathies of the editor, Harold J. Salemson, are often noticeably in the right directions, they are just as often noticeably in the wrong directions. Why? We linger over this question after examining the latest number, most of whose material calls for the epithet—loath as we are to write it—junky.

Du Cinema (Paris) is the French counterpart of *Close Up;* which is to say that, along with photographs, it notices values which mean nothing personally to Miss Gloria Swanson.

The recent numbers of the Spanish magazines, Nosotros (Buenos Ayres) and 1930: Revista de Avance (Havana) have not failed to support their enthusiasm over Waldo Frank. Are they interested in American or Spanish prophets?

P. T. *and* C. H. F